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Rising Late

Gareth Phillips
Cedarville University

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About the Contributor (Optional)

Gareth Phillips is a junior, studying philosophy and English. He hopes to pursue graduate studies in literature and creative writing.

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Rising Late

We become the silence.

Two. . .three. . .four minutes since

It filled the house, dripping down the walls

In creamy whiteness -- an uncertain sort of nightfall,

A timid creature,

Disappearing at the thought of sharply angled words.

I am awake now.

Can you tell me how

The moments of the vivid dream took place?

And whose expressions spread themselves across my face,

As I laughed convincingly,

Remarked about the government and bowed to every

Other point of common courtesy -- no more,

No less. No matter now -- like every dream before,

It gathers up its things and wanders far away.

You're looking well today,

As on any other day for me, which is

Of course, the same to you. The wishes

Bound together by a mere

Eleven years,

Still hang upon your lips and wash your eyes

In happy tears -- a soul is always wise

To mind the tears before the smile.

We feasted once upon fantastic thought:

Do you recall? How soon the mind is caught

In drudgery -- the endless run to catch the bus,

A fervent prayer to ward away the rust,

The burning need to scrape the dishes clean,

While meaning gathers dust unseen,

Unheard, unsung...

Except within the spirits of the young.